

AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold.
The sweet young grasses wither on the world,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold.
But evening brings us home.

Among the misty and the rocks
The brown hills whiten, and the fox
Watches the stranger from the scattered flocks
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their piteous complaints,—oh, rest is sweet,
But evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts
Thicken. O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken.
In the waste night,—our faint footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home.

OUT OF STEP.

V. (Continued).

AT THE SCUDGERS.

Mrs. Scudder's large, plump face was worn and anxious now as it appeared in the open doorway with the light behind it. She thought it was trying of Nely not to answer her. She peered forward, at first not being able to see anything. Then her voice rang sharply.

"Nely!"
She was frightened.
"It isn't Nely," said Salome. But she could not get step forward. Now that she had reached the house there was a sudden weight upon her. She remained leaning against the wall. She had let her shawl slip from her and it lay in a heap at her feet. She had worn no hat.

Mrs. Scudder could not recognize the voice. Bewildered, she stepped back and took the light from the stand, returning to the kitchen with it. "It isn't Salome!" she exclaimed.

Her slow, plump mind had great difficulty in even the attempt to adjust itself. Things were happening at such a rate that it was quite useless to try to understand them. And in all her life things had never happened before.

The girl at the door had made no response. Salome's entire powers were at work to bring to her the strength to walk into that room where Mrs. Scudder had been sitting. She knew directly that Moore must be in that room.

In another moment she advanced a step. It did not seem necessary or worth while to make any reply to Mrs. Scudder. Indeed, she was hardly aware that the woman had spoken.

The girl extended her hand to push Mrs. Scudder from the doorway, which she almost filled. "Oh, land!" cried the other, "you mustn't go in there, Salome! He's a stranger; I'll tell you about it. It's awful curious, 'n' taint much you know. But where do you s'pose Nely is? I'm real worried. You ain't seen her, have you?"

Salome thrust Mrs. Scudder gently aside. "I've seen Nely," she answered. She was looking at the still form on the bed.

"Oh, you have? There ain't nothin' happened to her, then?"

"No."

Salome advanced and sat down in the chair Mrs. Scudder had been sitting in. She leaned forward with her arms resting on the bedside, her eyes upon Moore's unresponsive face.

Mrs. Scudder had kept the lamp in her hand. She now stood with it raised somewhat, so that its light was shed upon the girl sitting there. She was looking at Salome.

In a moment she stepped forward softly and set the lamp upon the stand. Then she walked noiselessly from the room and sank into a chair in the darkened kitchen.

Tears were rolling down the woman's face. There was a strange pang in her heart.

She had never seen upon any face the look that was upon Salome's. For a brief time the sight of it took from her all bewilderment and curiosity. At first she could not ask herself how Salome had known this man was here, or how she had known him.

As Mrs. Scudder was trying to get her handkerchief from some obscure fold in her gown, and in the endeavor the tears ceased to flow, she heard footsteps outside. She was conscious of a fleeting sense of impatience with her husband that she could continue to snore when she was the subject of so much emotion.

She gave up trying to find her pocket and her handkerchief, and went to the door, admitting Nely and Mrs. Gerry.

"I do declare!" cried Mrs. Scudder, helplessly, going back to her seat without thinking whether this new visitor would be seated. "It does seem 'n' if my mind was goin'," she continued.

Mrs. Gerry's face and figure seemed strangely composed as she also walked across the kitchen to the room her daughter had just entered. She carefully avoided glancing at Salome.

Mrs. Gerry had reached that age when she knew positively that she could not, with outward calmness, bear some things. And she knew now that she could not bear to see Salome's face.

She walked to the bedside, and for a moment bent over the bed. Then she went back and joined Mrs. Scudder.

"Do you know what has happened to him?" she asked. Her tone was calm; it was pitched too high, however.

Before Mrs. Scudder had done more than shake her head, Mrs. Gerry went on: "Nely told me all she knew as we were coming; but I thought you might have learned something more."

Mrs. Scudder shook her head again. Now she remarked that she s'posed this young man must be a friend.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gerry promptly and with an appearance of explaining everything. "We knew him in Florida. He was very kind to us. I thought a great deal of him. He had come out here to call on us. It's dreadful."

"It's just as dreadful as it can be," responded Mrs. Scudder. "I'm all upset with it. The doctor says he's gone to telegraph room. He's s'posed to be comin' out here. I do hope we shall have strength to go through with it. I don't know whether he'll live or die. Dr. Sands said 'twon't use give me no medicine. He said night's well give medicine to a dead woodchuck. You know his way. I don't like that kind of a way in a doctor myself; but some folks think there ain't nobody like Doctor Sands."

Mrs. Scudder had a recurrence of a desire to reach her handkerchief. She was not in a teary state now, but she felt frustrated, and she could not tell how soon the tears might come again. She stood up and brought her skirt round with a violent movement, absolutely found it a piece of white tissue, and abstracted from it a piece of white cloth with a wide pink border.

"I'm sure I wish could be as calm as you are, Mrs. Gerry," she said with some reproach in her tone. "I did think I was likely to be calm 'n' 'most anybody, but my nerves are all kind of shook up, somehow."

Mrs. Gerry did not reply. She was standing so that she could see her daughter's figure with its head drooped forward toward the bed. With a revulsion of feeling, she now felt she must be where she could see Salome.

Mrs. Scudder's curiosity began to rise above her real sympathy and kindness. She thought that there were a good many things that she did not understand, and it seemed that she had a right to understand, since her family had been distinguished by fortune that man lying insensibly by the roadside. She didn't see how she could have her house turned into a hospital and everything going wrong, and she not able to make butter at her usual time, and likely's not having to do without pies for days at a time, she didn't see how she could endure all this and not know the very ins and outs of the acquaintance of the Gerry's with that young man; and he engaged to another young woman who called

him "My dearest," and who signed herself "Always yours, Portia."
And it was perfectly plain that Salome loved him.

Mrs. Scudder's sluggish heart almost thrilled at this wonderful complication; it also swelled somewhat with pride at the conviction which now suddenly came to her that her Nely must have known something; her Nely must have been able to keep a secret.

Nely, with skirts heavily wet up to her knees, was sitting in a chair and leaning her head against the wall. At first she had placed herself where she could see Salome as she sat by the bed in the next room. But immediately there came over her a sense that it was something like sacrilege for her to watch Salome.

She wondered how her mother could talk. She wondered how her father could lie there and sleep. To her the whole air was electrical.

Mrs. Gerry, standing upright, not thinking of sitting, her eyes on Salome's drooped head, was aware that some one was watching her.

She turned enough to see her hostess standing close to her. Mrs. Scudder nodded toward the girl sitting by the bed.

"Does she know he's engaged?" she whispered loudly.

There was no reply and no movement from Mrs. Gerry.

"I seen a letter," went on Mrs. Scudder, quite carried away by the romantic interest of her subject, and by the possibilities and complications of the story she took it out of his pocket. There 'tis on the stand by the lamp. I just looked at it. You know the doctor had to find out something 'bout him, so to telegraph room, Oh, my!" here Mrs. Scudder's prominent eyes bulged out still more. "It's a regular love letter! I didn't know there was such love-letters only in novels. I hope Nely won't see it. 'S'pose some folks take such notions as that 'bout love. It was put together real pretty 'n' interesting, too; 'twas real bright in some places. The doctor here sent for that woman."

Here there was a very slight movement on Mrs. Gerry's part.

"I s'pose you know all about that woman?" "I saw her in Florida."

Mrs. Gerry's effort in speaking was so visible that Nely, who at first had paid no attention to the two women, now swung from her seat and pulled her mother's skirt.

"Do stop, mother," she exclaimed.

Here Mrs. Gerry, who was really unable to stand any longer, turned to the nearest door. She was thinking that she had believed Mrs. Scudder to be very kind-hearted; now she had a savage wish to do an injury to a woman who could torture in that way.

"Go 'n' change your clo's this minute!" exclaimed Mrs. Scudder to Nely. "You'll get your death 'n' cold!"

The speaker was provoked that she had been interrupted. The negotiations of the evening were having the appearance of putting the easy-going nature of temper. Mrs. Scudder was seriously tried with Mrs. Gerry. She could not see her husband later that she didn't know that Mrs. Gerry was so kind of unfriendly; but Mrs. Gerry was always one of them 'n' kind.

The time went on until it was midnight. As the clock struck, Mrs. Scudder, who had been dozing in her rocker, having suddenly desisted from any attempt to talk with Mrs. Gerry, rose and declared that she heard wheels.

Then Mrs. Gerry, who had not been dozing, answered that she guessed it was the wind in the chimney. Mrs. Scudder, now extremely irritable, resented this remark, and responded that she guessed she knew what was a wind, and a wind was a wind. Then she cut her head back on the chair, and immediately went to sleep again.

Mrs. Gerry had drawn her chair near the door of the bedroom. For the last hour she had been virtually alone with her daughter. For Nely had at last come to her senses, and, in spite of all, by the sleep that comes to healthy youth.

It was chilly now in these rooms. The lady might have changed. The wind was blowing from the north, and the sky was clear and steel-blue. The sheets of the summer night were silent, save that now and then a heavier, stronger little creature came and snuggled up.

Mrs. Gerry sat there. Sometimes a rebellious creature came and snuggled up to her child's head. Mrs. Gerry, who was sitting in the chair, was looking at the still form on the bed.

"Oh, you have? There ain't nothin' happened to her, then?"

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FRENCH POLITICAL LEADERS.

MEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

STATESMEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN TODAY'S GENERAL ELECTION.

M. CARNOT, THE PRESIDENT—M. CONSTANS, THE STRONG MINISTER—M. CLEMENCEAU, THE FIGHTING RADICAL—OTIER WELLS—KNOWN PARTY LEADERS.

It is a curious coincidence that the chief four nations of the world should all hold general elections within the space of a little more than a year. Last summer such an election was held in Great Britain and Ireland. Last fall the United States held one. Early in the present summer the German Empire was the scene of a third. And today the fourth will occur in the French Republic.

The last-named differs from its predecessors, however, in turning on no one great personality or definite issue. In Great Britain and Ireland the election was merely a plebiscite for Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. In this country it was to decide between Benjamin Harrison and a Protective Tariff and Governor Cleveland and a Revenue Tariff. In Germany the Emperor himself and his Chancellor furnished the personalities, and the Army bill the issue.

But in France no one man is on trial and no one dominant issue is to be decided. For there is scarcely a possibility of any result other than a substantial continuance of the present form of government and the present general policy.

Such personal interest as there is in the election, however, centres chiefly upon M. Sadi Carnot. The result of the polling will express, so far as it can be expressed, the judgment of the French people upon his Administration. More than that, it will indicate their wish whether or not that Administration is to be prolonged through a second term; for this new Chamber of Deputies will, in

have been where it is, was there yesterday and will be there to-morrow. M. Carnot was married to this charming woman when he was only twenty-one years old, and has given to her every hour and every thought of his life not claimed by professional public duties.

After the President himself, probably the most important Republican leader is M. Constans. He won his honorable fame during the earlier part of M. Carnot's Administration, when he held the portfolio of the Interior. He was known as "the strong Minister," and well deserved the distinction. It was he who exposed the treasonable machinations of General Boulanger, brought them to naught and drove their author into disreputable exile. It was he, too, who showed himself, more than any other man of his time in France, the master of the mob and the capable upholder of law and order against the turbulent forces of crime and anarchy. Since his retirement from office there have prevailed rumors of estrangement and even of enmity between him and M. Carnot, the truth of which is by no means well established. Certainly "the strong Minister"—or ex-Minister—has shown

he is falling into the background and can scarcely be reckoned a Presidential possibility. He is still, however, a considerable force in French politics and must be taken into account. The "little gray mouse," as he has been dubbed, was born in 1828, and was educated as an engineer. During the latter part of the war with Germany he was at the head of the Military Department of the Government, and upon him fell much unjust and unreasoning popular blame for the disasters of the "Terrible Year." So unpopular was he, indeed, that he was unable, for some time, to get elected to the Assembly. Nor did he mend matters by his "History of the War in the Provinces During the Siege of Paris," which provoked a vast deal of angry criticism. After some years, however, he was elected to the Senate, and in 1877 got the Public Works portfolio in the Dufaure Cabinet. That position he retained in several successive Cabinets, and in it made a great name for himself through his successful plan for the purchase of the railroads of France by the Government, and for the construction of great docks at various ports. He has also held other portfolios, including those of Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister for War.

A recent French writer has described M. de Freycinet as "the Don Juan of French politics. None better than he knows how to court, at one

no open antagonism to his former chief. And a notable speech which he made some weeks ago, sounding a keynote of the electoral campaign, was a compendium of those very principles and policies of conservative republicanism which have marked M. Carnot's Administration. M. Constans may be a candidate for the Presidency, but he will not seek to reach that office by striking down its present holder. Nor is a second term for M. Carnot concurrently with the Premiership for M. Constans in any way to be omitted from the list of political possibilities.

Dr. George Clemenceau has long been the best leader of the Radicals in France, and has seemed to have a charmed political life, so rarely has he survived disasters that would have ruined most men. He was identified with General Boulanger's rise to power, yet escaped the opprobrium that finally fell upon that adventurer and so many of his friends. He suffered temporary eclipse in the muck of Panama, but has now regained his place, and stands as well as ever. His radicalism is inborn. His father was a

and the same time, the Maritimes of the Left Centre and the Charities of the Radical Left. The most opposite camps imagine that he is one of theirs, and yet the fact is, M. de Freycinet is independent of them all. Remarkably clever and not a little sceptical, he is, in turn, Dr. Tant-Pis and Dr. Tant-Mieux. His clever brain and wonderful perspicacity reveal to him the pros and cons of every situation, so that he is always adverse to tying his hands by making any fixed promises or taking any decisive stand. When he rises to speak he is full of grace, easy amiability, persuasive insinuation; he appears to be very clear and precise, although he is not. In his acts he is clever in concealing his inconsistencies and his lack of decision by apparent firmness. If M. de Freycinet showed in his speeches a power of feeling and imagination equal to his power of understanding and explaining, he would be the first of our orators. If in his conduct his strength and determination to carry out resolutions equalled his fertility and ingenuity in discovering expedients, M. de Freycinet would be the first of our statesmen."

M. Ribot must be ranked conspicuously among the Moderate Republican leaders. In person he is tall and quiet looking, with an air of belonging to a bygone age, though he is still comparatively young. Like M. Carnot, he has the austere virtues of the classic period. His probity and disinterestedness are beyond question; his fidelity to principle is unwavering, and his will seems made of hardened steel. As a speaker in the Chamber he is dignified and courteous, cogent and convincing; and something of suppleness or magnetism alone seems lacking to have made him an almost unrivalled leader of men.

M. Floquet, who suffered something in reputation through Panama, may still be accounted a considerable power in the Radical wing of the Republican party. His career has been marked by a number of dramatic incidents, beginning away back in the Empire, when he was once arrested for violating the law which forbade more than twenty persons to meet for the discussion of political affairs. On the occasion of the visit of Czar Alexander II to Paris he distinguished himself by shouting in the face of that monarch, "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" After the fall of the Empire he became an assistant to the Mayor of Paris; but when the Commune was organized he cut in his lot with that ill-fated city. Escaping the fate of many of his colleagues, he was elected to the Assembly from the Department of the Seine in 1871. But a few weeks later he was supplanted by President Thiers of complicity in Radical conspiracies and was arrested and confined in the Clauteau of members of the legislative body. Later on we find M. Floquet elected, by a large majority, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, subsequently re-elected member for the Seine. After the fall of the Thiers Government, when

been in special training for several weeks for the avowed purpose of killing me. Now, I am not an assassin. Excepting that hound, Rochefort, I never wanted to kill any man. Why should I stand up before a man who wants to kill me?"

As a parliamentary leader, M. Clemenceau compels the Chamber to listen to him as often and as long as he chooses to speak. His oratory is unique, and devoid of resonant phrases that wind up in ear-tickling climax. There is no apparent art, and certainly no artifice in his periods. What strikes one first is intensity, and method in arrangement exists, but is not at once perceptible. Ideas come so fast and with such strength and brightness that attention cannot flag. One feels that the speaker is ready to practice what he preaches, and the last man to fail his flag and hide it. His gestures are rare and instinctive; one of them is to hold his big, full forehead in his hands, and then to push them out from him—

clenched. However suddenly put upon his mettle, he has the right word on the tip of his tongue. His irony is dreadful, but sprightly used, and in a touch-and-go manner. No part of the speech has been learned by heart, but the subjects with which it deals have been laboriously mastered and thought out during sleepless nights. When expecting to make a speech, M. Clemenceau is troubled with insomnia and the attendant nervousness. In the tribune, and particularly if hotly interrupted, his blood gets up and he regains self-mastery. In enthusiasm for ideas he is a poet. Though fond of plain speech, he has a passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and is as good a judge of pictures and bric-a-brac as M. Rochefort. He sleeps all the year round before an open window, looking out on a fifth floor balcony, which in summer is bright with sky-blue vases and blooming plants.

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clenched. However suddenly put upon his mettle, he has the right word on the tip of his tongue. His irony is dreadful, but sprightly used, and in a touch-and-go manner. No part of the speech has been learned by heart, but the subjects with which it deals have been laboriously mastered and thought out during sleepless nights. When expecting to make a speech, M. Clemenceau is troubled with insomnia and the attendant nervousness. In the tribune, and particularly if hotly interrupted, his blood gets up and he regains self-mastery. In enthusiasm for ideas he is a poet. Though fond of plain speech, he has a passion for decorative furniture and flowers, and is as good a judge of pictures and bric-a-brac as M. Rochefort. He sleeps all the year round before an open window, looking out on a fifth floor balcony, which in summer is bright with sky-blue vases and blooming plants.

M. Charles D. de Freycinet has been so long in public life and is now so advanced in years that

he is falling into the background and can scarcely be reckoned a Presidential possibility. He is still, however, a considerable force in French politics and must be taken into account. The "little gray mouse," as he has been dubbed, was born in 1828, and was educated as an engineer. During the latter part of the war with Germany he was at the head of the Military Department of the Government, and upon him fell much unjust and unreasoning popular blame for the disasters of the "Terrible Year." So unpopular was he, indeed, that he was unable, for some time, to get elected to the Assembly. Nor did he mend matters by his "History of the War in the Provinces During the Siege of Paris," which provoked a vast deal of angry criticism. After some years, however, he was elected to the Senate, and in 1877 got the Public Works portfolio in the Dufaure Cabinet. That position he retained in several successive Cabinets, and in it made a great name for himself through his successful plan for the purchase of the railroads of France by the Government, and for the construction of great docks at various ports. He has also held other portfolios, including those of Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister for War.

A recent French writer has described M. de Freycinet as "the Don Juan of French politics. None better than he knows how to court, at one

no open antagonism to his former chief. And a notable speech which he made some weeks ago, sounding a keynote of the electoral campaign, was a compendium of those very principles and policies of conservative republicanism which have marked M. Carnot's Administration. M. Constans may be a candidate for the Presidency, but he will not seek to reach that office by striking down its present holder. Nor is a second term for M. Carnot concurrently with the Premiership for M. Constans in any way to be omitted from the list of political possibilities.

Dr. George Clemenceau has long been the best leader of the Radicals in France, and has seemed to have a charmed political life, so rarely has he survived disasters that would have ruined most men. He was identified with General Boulanger's rise to power, yet escaped the opprobrium that finally fell upon that adventurer and so many of his friends. He suffered temporary eclipse in the muck of Panama, but has now regained his place, and stands as well as ever. His radicalism is inborn. His father was a

and the same time, the Maritimes of the Left Centre and the Charities of the Radical Left. The most opposite camps imagine that he is one of theirs, and yet the